



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION "PECKSNIFF" WILL DOUBTLESS DO NEXT.

"HOLY JOHN" (to "HONEST JOHN").—My poor erring brother, you are now tasting the bitter fruit of being found out. You should have followed my example and used your political pull for all it was worth. Take these tracts—read them! I hope they will improve your sinful mind.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 22nd, 1891.—No. 750.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DID YOU ever see a Wanamaker "ad"? You hear a great deal of that "ad"—which is short and professional for "advertisement," of course; and you know in a vague way that this famous "ad" exerts such an influence upon the Philadelphia newspapers that none of them can be found to denounce Mr Wanamaker for his dealings with the dishonest officials of the Keystone Bank, or to demand that these dealings shall be thoroughly investigated and exposed. You must naturally think that the "ad" is no trifle; and indeed it is not. It is one of the most artistic and interesting products of modern business methods, great as measured by counting-room standards, and great as a specimen of ingenuous ingenuity or ingenious ingenuousness, whichever way you may prefer to put it.

For, be it known, there is great art in advertising. The foolish and inexperienced advertiser buys so much space in a newspaper, and fills it to the very edge with extravagant puffs of his wares, written in superlatives, and printed in almost microscopic type. Few read his advertisement, and nobody believes it, and so nobody buys his goods. Then he is angry, and cries out in his blind wrath that advertising does not pay, or other idiocy to that effect. But the wise and experienced advertiser, buying the same amount of space, devotes the larger portion of it to a neat and liberal display of white paper, and gives as little as he can get along with to a clearly written, clearly printed, modest and reasonable statement of the merits of his goods—such a statement as he is willing to stand by. For that man, advertising pays.

One of the cleverest "ads" we ever saw was the announcement on the part of a firm of clothiers that a certain lot of overcoats, which the house had been selling for some months, had turned out to be inferior in

wearing qualities to the standard guaranteed by the manufacturers. So every buyer was notified that if he would bring back his coat, he could have his money back, with no reduction on account of his use of the garment. Do you not suppose that that "ad" was worth columns and columns of foolish praise of the marvelous Meltons and original Oxfords and charming Chinchillas which that firm may have had to sell? Strict honesty and truthfulness, justice, regardless of consequences, in dealing with the public—in these three things lies the great secret of success in commercial advertising. No one has ever mastered that secret more fully than Mr. John Wanamaker—as an advertiser.

We should like to give you some idea of the great Wanamaker "ad." It is always of one pattern. It begins with a condensed weather report, ambles down a column of familiar, frank, free-souled chat, and ends with the signature of John Wanamaker—that is, of one of the John Wanamakers who combine their several personalities in the one visible and tangible John. In little small-type interpolations the whereabouts of the goods advertised are indicated. We can not, naturally, reproduce one of these masterpieces; but we can give an example of one such as might be designed if Mr. Wanamaker were advertising moral instead of material possessions.

Cloudy, inclined to squally. Storm Signals.

Reputations are cheaper to-day in Philadelphia than we have ever known them. Not low-grade reputations, either—the finest quality—Keystone brand. A little damaged, of course; but then you can't expect everything. Lots of our best citizens are wearing them, plain and striped. Bardsley Street Side.

In Principles we are handling only the fancy kinds, for occasional display. Practical people don't wear them now for every-day use. Your grandfather did, perhaps; but then your grandfather wore a high collar, and made himself very uncomfortable. Is that any reason why you should do likewise? You can get as good as you need to appear in, nowadays, at church or chapel or Sunday-school, for a mere song. Then you can leave them at home, and go to business in a negligé Yardley suit, in which you can be comfortable whatever you choose to do.

Bethany Street Side.

We are doing a grand business in patent elastic Consciences, with rose-tinted glasses. You can see things any way you want to see them with this elegant combination. And we throw in a brand-new sample Vindication, such as you can't get anywhere outside of Philadelphia, with every purchase. How much more comfortable and practical than the plain old-fashioned style with clear glass!

Newspaper Row, near Investigation Corner.

In Political Honesty the machine-made article is running the hand-made clear out of sight, as slangy people say. We have \$400,000 worth in stock, and all of it is guaranteed to be up to the Quay standard test. We have nothing to say against the old-style Lincoln-make, or those of the Hancock and Adams mills; but this is an age of progress, and they are not in it. Our styles are almost exclusively the go in Washington.

Fry Street, corner of Fat.

Patriotism. Some left over from Fourth of July. Not much. It is n't a stock to wear too freely. Useful sometimes in October and November; but it is heavy stuff for a climate like ours. Still, we have it, and cheap—very cheap. As to its wearing qualities, the rule of this house is well-known. We don't guarantee anything we don't know about.

Down cellar.

If you are looking for Fidelity, we have some for party use only. It won't stand handling for ordinary daily purposes, and it fades in Moya-mensing air; but for its own purposes it can be guaranteed to stand anything and everything, without turning a hair.

P. O. Corner.

In Personal Rectitude, we keep on hand a few samples of the celebrated Harrison homespun; but can not supply customers. There does n't seem, however, to be any demand for this article among Philadelphians. We may, however, lay in a small stock next year. Cheap for cash.

Come early, to avoid the rush.

"JOHN WANAMAKER."

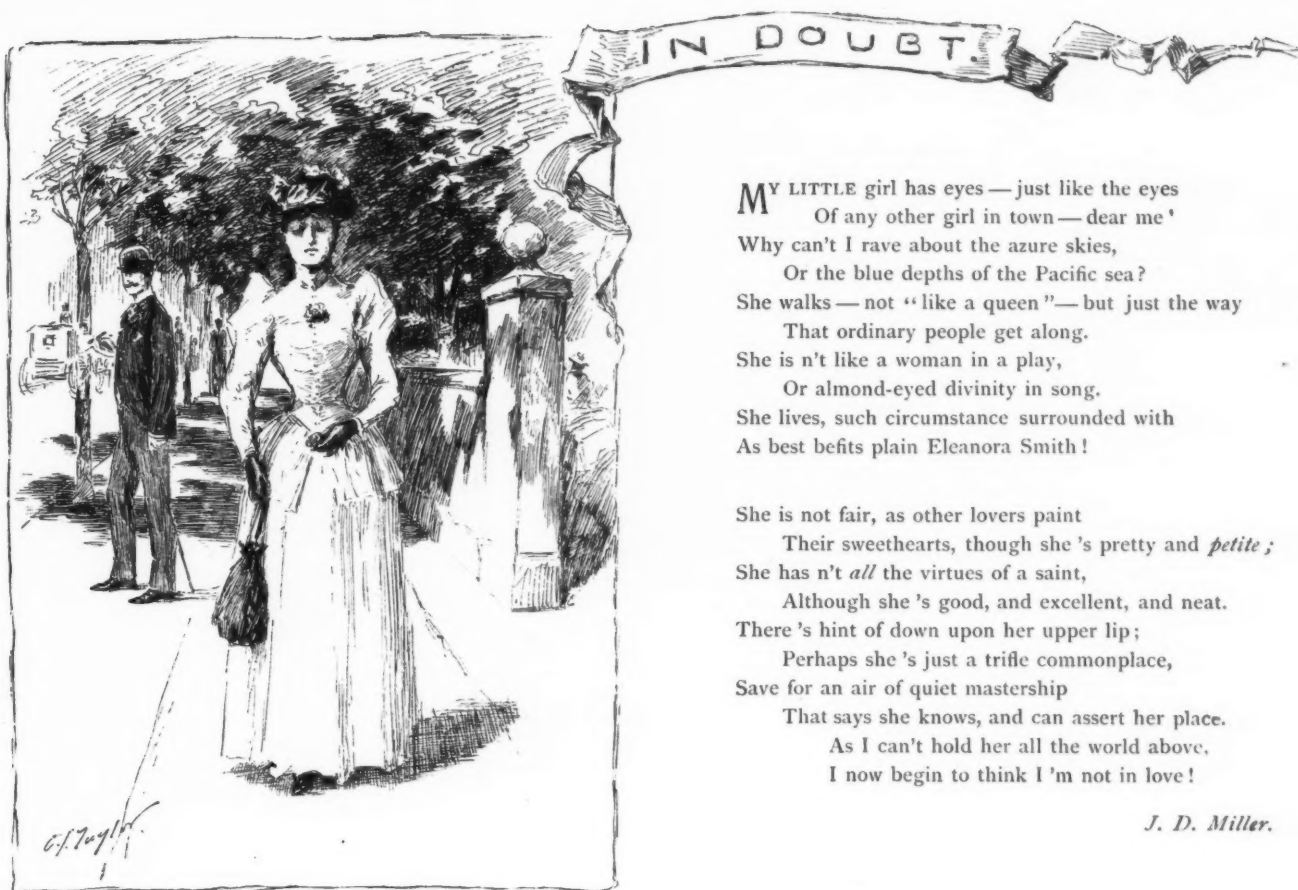
That 's a Wanamaker "ad."



HE WAS A BAD WRITER.

MRS. GREEN (to YOUNG PHYSICIAN, whom she has called in haste).—Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription which you sent her last night filled, and took a dose of the medicine. Now she exhibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh—

YOUNG PHYSICIAN.—Prescription, Madam? Why, that was an offer of marriage!



MY LITTLE girl has eyes — just like the eyes
Of any other girl in town — dear me!
Why can't I rave about the azure skies,
Or the blue depths of the Pacific sea?
She walks — not "like a queen" — but just the way
That ordinary people get along.
She is n't like a woman in a play,
Or almond-eyed divinity in song.
She lives, such circumstance surrounded with
As best befits plain Eleanora Smith!

She is not fair, as other lovers paint
Their sweethearts, though she's pretty and *petite*;
She has n't *all* the virtues of a saint,
Although she's good, and excellent, and neat.
There's hint of down upon her upper lip;
Perhaps she's just a trifle commonplace,
Save for an air of quiet mastership
That says she knows, and can assert her place.
As I can't hold her all the world above,
I now begin to think I'm not in love!

J. D. Miller.

NOT AFRAID.

"You say you are ambitious to be President, eh? Well, Pat, it's hopeless. The Constitution requires that you shall be born in this country before you are eligible."

"Ah, the Constitution! Phwat's that? Me fri'nds in Washington 'll fix th' Constitution."

A MEAN TRICK.

"What's the row over at the Museum?"

"A fake dentist sold the fire-eater
a set of celluloid teeth."

CONSOLING.

DISAPPOINTED BARD
(in newspaper office).—
What's the trouble about
my work?

OFFICE BOY.—'T ain't
no trouble at all, Mister.
The boss just looks at
your signature, an' then
chucks the stuff over for
me to keep.

A GREAT NUISANCE.

"It's a beastly bore hav-
ing these ocean steamers start
after six P. M.," said Howell
Gibbon. "Such a nuisance
of having to start for Europe
in a dress suit!"

AN EMENDATION.

SAWYER.—The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

DE SPEE.—No, it is n't. It is in the digesting.

TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER.

VISITOR.—Good morning, Lehman! How is your sore foot?

LEHMAN (*whispering*).—Coming out all right, thanks; but speak softly. It's — it's asleep, now.



A REPULSE.

JAGSON, THE DRUMMER (*as the Japanese balloon comes down in his face*).—Hullo, friend! I thought I shook you fellows after my three week's stay in Louisville, Ky.

HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

THE LITTLE STORE AROUND THE CORNER. *

WHEN WE first came out here in Brooklyn to live, the little store around the corner was occupied by a fat, bald-headed, bow-legged little tailor who looked jolly in the rear, and lugubrious in the face.

A sign by the curbstone said that his name was Abr. Rau, (abbreviated, like the tailor,) and that he would repair, clean and press gentlemen's garments. Another sign among the sample cards of buttons and scraps of cloth in the window bore the legend:



"Gents' Own Material Made Up."

I do not know how long Rau had been established there; but I think his eyes had grown sad in looking for the first "gent" with his own material.

He used to sit cross-legged upon his table all day, biting off his threads like one weary of little to do; and when the evening came, he sat silent, in the shadow of the door.

But one morning the curbstone sign was gone; a placard "To Let," was pasted on the window pane, and for two or three weeks the dust gathered in the corners about the door.

Then the placard was taken away, a heavy table and a meat block were placed inside, and the floor was covered with sawdust.

About this time a big, waddling German boy, with a new white apron, distributed circulars about the neighborhood, containing this announcement:

CITIZENS' MARKET.

Don't go downtown any longer for your

BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, SAUSAGE,
HAMS, POULTRY, ETC.,
but buy of the undersigned and save money.

Call and be Convinced.

"We aim to Please."

H. HOFFHEIMER, Prop.

Citizens' Market, 2132 Blank Ave.

No one could slide off a tall stool with more alacrity than H. Hoffheimer, Prop., would slide off his on the appearance of a citizen within the door; and no one could have been more sincerely, feverishly eager to "send it around."

You could n't always get just the kind of steak you wanted without

waiting until the next morning; and I heard a lady say that the proprietor hacked his cutlets very much as he did the English language. But his prices were surprisingly low; he was generous in the matter of weights, and if you could make the change within three or four cents, he would always say:

"Never mind; that's near enough; let it go."

Whether his liberality was out of proportion to the cost of meat, I know not now; but certain it is that when one day the big, stupid boy carried away the contents of the cash drawer and failed to return, H. Hoffheimer, Prop., was financially embarrassed, and determined,

as he told our cook, to "go back to his old job."



So, the fixtures of the "Citizens' Market" were carried away on a hand-cart, and the placard "To Let" again stared from the window until early in July, when it was replaced by a sign reading:

SOLEING AND HEELING 1.00

By VALENTINO LUCIANI.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, the shoemaker's hammer sounded all through the warm Summer days; and swarthy Valentino could be seen through the open door pegging and stitching, and rolling the waxed threads over his knee.

And after sunset a dark-skinned woman used to come from the living-rooms in the rear and sit in the doorway, while Valentino held a sick child in his arms and smoked a short black pipe.

Now, a shoemaker may be busy, as Valentino was, all the day long; but if he does n't have work enough to keep him hustling from an hour before daylight until ten o'clock at night, with two hours extra on Saturday night, and a few pair of shoes to deliver Sunday morning, he can not make a living.



Our neighborhood did not supply work enough for that; and it happened that soon after the first rent-day at the little store the tapping of the hammer ceased to be borne upon the Summer air.

Almost immediately, as if he had been waiting for this opportunity, a decrepit Indian appeared before the little store, holding out a broken arm, and gazing upon the passers-by with an expression that would have been pathetic if the absence of a nose on his face had n't made it funny.

The white man who did business behind the Indian's back sold the

BEST CIGAR IN THE CITY FOR 5 CENTS,

gave away a genuine briar-wood pipe with every pound of tobacco, and sold cigarettes singly, if desired — but only for about five weeks. Then he and his battered

old brave disappeared, and became only a reminiscence.

Then a barber came, stayed a month, cried "Next!" and moved on.

"Next" was a stationer who speedily concluded not to remain stationary, and forthwith became migratory.

Then came Butter and Cheese, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infallible Microbe Obliterator, Fruits and Nuts, and two or three other kinds of business in rapid succession, after which the store was vacant two or three months.

Now came a tenant of somewhat different calibre.

One morning, when we were seated at breakfast, Jack remarked that the placard was down again, and he supposed some other misguided person with a little more money than brains was going to launch out.

Jack is a nephew of mine, who came from Vermont three years ago, with more brains than money; and having succeeded remarkably well with



this outfit, he looks with proper contempt upon those in whom the conditions are reversed.

"I think," said my wife, "that the right person will take that store yet and make money there."



"Can't be done," said Jack. "No kind of a location for business. The owner made a mistake when he put the store there, and everybody makes a mistake who gets into it. The whole history of that little store illustrates what Bellamy says in 'Looking Backward,' about the waste of capital in misdirected enterprises — a state of things that you won't see in the future condition of society."

"It is appalling," said I, "appalling — the amount of capital that has been wasted in that store."

This flippant remark did not suit Jack's mood, and he made no reply.

In passing the little store a day or two afterward, I noticed a very pleasant-looking young woman, arranging some embroidery and other artistic work in the window.

"Aha — Miss Dora Eweing!" I thought, reading the name on a neat sign over the door.

"We have a very pretty store around the corner now," I said to my wife when I got home. "Have you noticed it?"

"Yes," she replied; "I sent Jack around there last night for a spool of thread, and he says it really looks like business."

"Does he believe Miss Eweing will make it a success?"

"No; he does n't believe it yet."

It was perhaps two months later when I stepped into the little store one evening to wait while my wife selected some ribbons. Miss Eweing was waiting upon her when an expressman flung open the door, dropped a heavy package on the floor, and hurriedly demanded twenty-five cents.

"It is a package from Pattern & Co.'s, is n't it?" said Miss Eweing, quietly.

"Yes," said the driver, roughly. "Hurry up, Miss; I can't stand here; I've got to be movin'."

"Pattern & Co. pay express charges themselves," answered the girl, as she took down another tray and placed it on the counter.

"If you don't pay, it goes back, that's all," said the driver.

"Very well."

The fellow looked at her wrathfully, made a note in his book and rushed out, leaving the package.

I was impressed. The next morning I said to Jack:

"Young man, the little store has a tenant now who will stay."

"I'll give her from three to four months," said Jack.

"Do you think," said I, "that she will be gone from there in four months from now?"

"I'll bet a hat on it."

Now, I can't let a youngster bluff me like that, and I took him at his word before he had time for a second thought.

"I wonder who the young lady is," said my wife, "and where she came from?"

"She came here from New Jersey," said Jack;

"her father was captain on one of the Southern steamships and died in the South four years ago.

Her mother died two years later, and then her only brother married and went to live in Milwaukee.

Dora came to Brooklyn to be near her aunt, who lives in Herkimer Street, and she started this little business to be independent, preferring it to teaching music, although she is a splendid musician and the very best singer I ever heard."

"INDEED!" said my wife, who had been holding her fork motionless, and gazing at my nephew and me alternately.

"Jack," said I, "were you mean and contemptible enough to bet on a sure thing?"

"Just about," he replied. "And, by the way, Uncle," he added; "the house I've selected won't be vacant until May, and I wonder if you'd mind taking a respectable young married couple to board for a little while, by-and-by."



EXPRESSING THEIR OPINION.

MISS BEACON-STREET (of Boston).—I think Mr. Simcoe is *sui generis*, don't you?

MISS BLEECKER.—No, I don't. I think he's a freak.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

HOLYOKE HAVERHILL.—How do you like country life, Essex?

MORRISON ESSEX.—Can't say. Never had any.

HOLYOKE HAVERHILL.—But you've lived in the country for two years.

MORRISON ESSEX.—Yes; but there's no life in Lonelyville.

THE VERACIOUS CANNIBAL.

"I was bred in Ohio," said the Missionary.

"Huh! You be pic in my country," returned the Cannibal; and later developments showed that the Cannibal was right.

THE PREFERABLE HORN OF A DILEMMA.

"Did you enjoy your *tête-à-tête* with Miss Mumm?"

"No."

"You're very ungallant."

"I'd rather be ungallant than have people think I love to hear myself talk."

OUR SEASIDE SEASON.



JUNE 15TH — ALL ATTENTION.



JULY 15TH — NO ATTENTION.

DICK AND KITTY.



FAIR AND SWEET is Grandma in her cap of snowy lace,
Rocking on so softly, with a smile upon her face,
While the twilight deepens, and her head is
drooping low
O'er the blissful memories of long and long ago.
Suddenly she rouses.

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with
your tea!"

At the kitchen window, truant Kitty lingers still,
While the cup of tea is growing cold upon the sill;
Outside in the dewy grass some one waiting stands,
Looking up so pleadingly, holding fast her hands.
Grandma does n't know it!

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with your tea!"

"Ah!" the dear old voice goes on, "Kitty, do you know
Dick looks much as Grandpa did some fifty years ago?
Straight and tall your Grandpa stood—I think I see him yet!
How my heart went out to him the night when first we met!"
Grandma's voice is trembling.

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with your tea!"

"Kitty," Grandma says again, her old eyes growing dim,
"Dick is such a bonny lad, of course, you'll marry him."
"Will you, darling?" whispers Dick, and Kitty flushes red.
"Yes," she whispers back, and shyly bends her pretty head.
Ah, unconscious Grandma!

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with your tea!"

Malcolm Douglas.



A CLASSIC BEAUTY.

TOM DE WITT.—That white gown makes you look
like a Vestal Virgin, Miss Winslow.

KITTY WINSLOW.—Dear me! don't tell me that
it's two thousand years behind the style!

HALF RATIONS:

TOMMY.—I did n't eat half enough supper.

BESSIE.—What did you have for supper?

TOMMY.—Company.

THE MERCHANT'S FAILINGS do not always
lean to virtue's side
—unless by mak-
ing a virtue
of necessity.

SPENCERIAN MOTTO FOR A TEN-PIN
ALLEY—Be Bold, be Bold and
Everywhere be Bold.

WHERE MORE IS MEANT
THAN MEETS THE EAR
—In the Deaf-mute Asylum.

"CONTRIVED A DOUBLE
DEBT TO PAY"—The
Wedding-fee to the Clergy-
man.

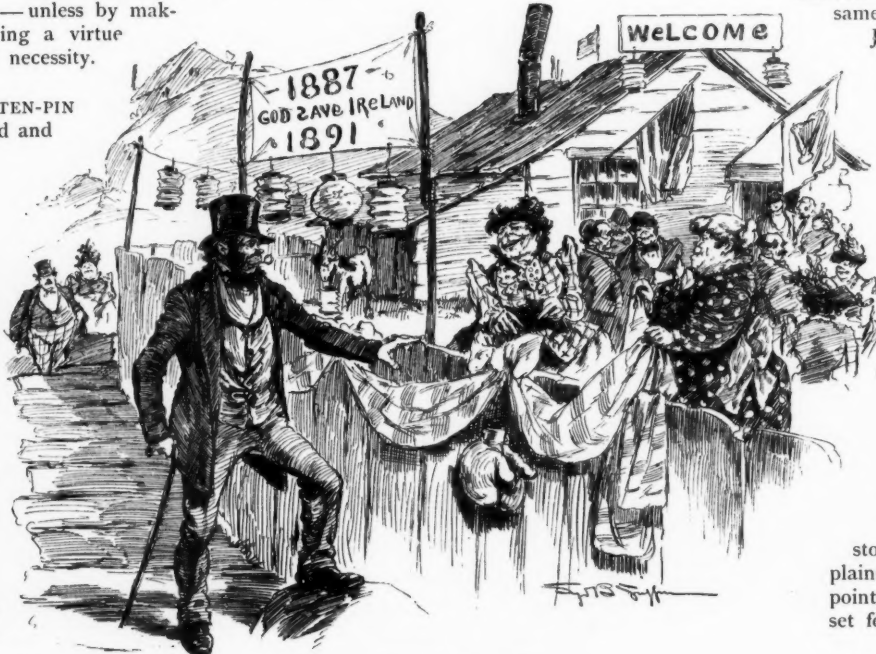
THE GHOST walks only
when it is satisfied with
its box-sheet.

"EASIER TO BE PLAYED
ON THAN A PIPE"—
A Conflagration.

THE BRIDLE OF THE EARTH
AND SKY—The Rainbow.

AS A GENERAL THING, we don't
feel at all like eating, this hot
weather; yet, nevertheless, we are
obliged to swallow it.

A WORD IN DUE SEASON—"Here
is that Little Bill."



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

MR. RYLEY.—Fwhy are yez decoratin', Mrs. Murphy?

MRS. MURPHY.—Me b'y Danny is comin' home th' day.

MR. RYLEY.—I t'ought it wuz fer fivve years he wuz sint up?

MRS. MURPHY.—He wuz; but he got a year off fer good behavure.

MR. RYLEY.—An' sure, it must be a great comfort fer ye to have a
good b'y loike that!



NOT AN APOLLO.

DOOSEY.—Tut, tut! my boy, brace up!

MELLINS.—I c-c-can't—it's all over—she has returned
my crayon portrait.

DOOSEY.—That is tough on you, old man; but you can
throw it away or burn it, you know.

NOT ALL ON THE SURFACE.

MINNIE.—Yes; he is very pleasant, but I imagine all his politeness is
on the surface.

MAMIE.—Oh, no, it is n't! I saw him give up his seat to a woman
on the Elevated.

AND NO MATCH ON.

SENIOR PARTNER.—What did you let Addem off for to-day?

JUNIOR PARTNER.—There has been a death in his family.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Humph! The
same old excuse.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Oh, I am
sure he was in earnest this
time. He asked so timidly.

NO MAN is a hero to his
valet, but the cook is
a heroine to the whole
household.

THERE IS a good deal of
force in the old fable
about the strength of a
bunch of sticks. But con-
sider the bundle of kind-
ling—wood: one knock,
and the union is smashed
forever.

NATURE HAS provided us
with eye-lids; but ear-
stoppers are wanting. This ex-
plains why we often do not see a
point, although we hear it well
set forth.

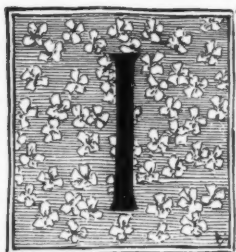
"WHERE ARE you going this
Summer?"

"To the mountains."

"What is your reason for going
to the mountains?"

"Mohamet's; the mountains will
not come to me."

A TIMID LOVER.



IT WAS one of the hottest days in Midsummer — it was *the* hottest day, in fact. A broiling, roasting, sizzling, horrible heat pervaded the atmosphere, and insinuated itself into the very cog-wheels of your brain, and reduced all good nature to the fighting point. Life was monotony, thought was monotony, everything was concrete, compact, amalgamated monotony itself. I sat in the back office of the *New York Clarion*, and scowled dismally at a pile of manuscripts before me — each separate manuscript of which was a condensed portion of monotony. I thought of Gladys — my Gladys — in the mountains, wearing her sealskin jacket every evening, because it was necessary. (Not to show it off, as some malignant spirits might suggest.) I thought of Doris — my Doris — plunging into the cooling waves of the Atlantic coast, and life was less endurable than ever before. I endeavored to picture myself upon an expedition to the North Pole, climbing over gigantic icebergs, and falling into delicious snow-drifts — but it was of no avail. My imagination ran riot on the Great Desert, and sought vainly for an oasis, while I slowly cooked on the red-hot sands. At this juncture I corralled my imagination, and forbade it wandering forth. Heat-waves floated in through the window, and deposited themselves, strata upon strata, within my room. I relapsed into a state of *coma* — and passed a non-existent existence for some time. A knock sounded upon the door of my tomb — I should say room. Life asserted itself, and the weary body gave vent to a sound which resembled “Kôm.” The door opened, and a pleasant-faced youth entered.

“The editor?” he inquired.

I bowed.

“I believe,” he began, “that you make up your Christmas —” Blessings upon thee, young man, for using that word. I immediately conjured up Santa Claus, snow-rides, skating — “poem” was the next word I heard, and it was evidently the ending of the young man’s sentence, part of which I had missed. But I divined it, at once.

“So you have brought me a Christmas poem?” I ventured, cordially predisposed toward it.

The youth blushed, and handed me a sheet of paper, upon which was written:

A TIMID LOVER.

We sat together Christmas night —
The fire-light shining on her face,
Ever beautiful and bright,
Awoke in it a tender grace.
We sat and talked of common things,
Of what the passing year had brought,
My love was wary of its wings,
Timid, I dared not tell my thought.
While bright coals, live coals, ruddy as
cherries,
I saw in the ashes glow,
Each one suggesting the crimson berries
That hang on the mistletoe.

I longed to take her by her hand,
I longed to tell her of my dream,
The words came not at my command,
I only watched the embers gleam.
I said good night, yet lingered by,
I thought of what I dared not say;
At last we parted with a sigh,
But ever on my homeward way,
Those bright coals, live coals, ruddy as
cherries,
I saw in the ashes glow,
Each one suggesting the crimson berries
That hang on the mistletoe.

It was so suggestive of Christmas — of ice and cold — that I was refreshed. I put my coat on, and smiled for the first time that day. I lit a cigar, and gloried in its pleasant glow. Imagination was set free again, and sat down on a cake of ice and shivered — O delicious shiver! O sub-



“Hurry up! We close at twelve o’clock on Saturday.”

lime shiver! I even began to jot down a Christmas verselet that came into my mind, beginning:

“The icicles hung from Santy’s beard,
His eyes were blinded with snow,
His nose —”

The youth coughed. I looked at him a moment, as if wondering whence he came — then I remembered. He had been a messenger of Rest. Had I to turn him off?

“I am very sorry,” I said, and tears came into his eyes at the gentleness of my tone; “I am very sorry — but, you know that I could n’t print your poem, because — my dear young friend — because the mistletoe has white berries — not crimson.”

Flavel Scott Mines.



AN EXAMPLE TO AGE.

DEACON HARDFACTS (*President Anti-Tobacco Society*). — Young man, I am seventy-nine years old, and I never smoked a puff of tobacco in my life.

YOUNG AMERICA (*puffing cheroot*). — Well, you’re not too old to learn yet. Cato learned Greek at eighty, you know.

AN AMENDED AMENDE-HONORABLE.

DUC DE MONTMORENCI. — Monsieur Barton, what you haf said of me in ze club haf cast a slur upon ze illustrious name I bear. Will Monsieur apologize?

MR. BARTON (*nonchalantly*). — Oh, certainly. In speaking as I did, nothing was further from my intention than to cast a slur upon an honored name —

DUC DE MONTMORENCI. — Your hand, Monsieur.

MR. BARTON (*shaking hands*). — I considered *that* as an *alias*, you know.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

“I think I’ll go to the Broker’s Church this morning.”

“What is that?”

“We get a sermon over the ticker.”

NOT UNCOMMON.

“Now that I have stated them, sir, don’t you think my aims are lofty?”

“Yes, Mr. Hicks. Your aims are all right, but you are a very bad shot.”



PUCK’S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

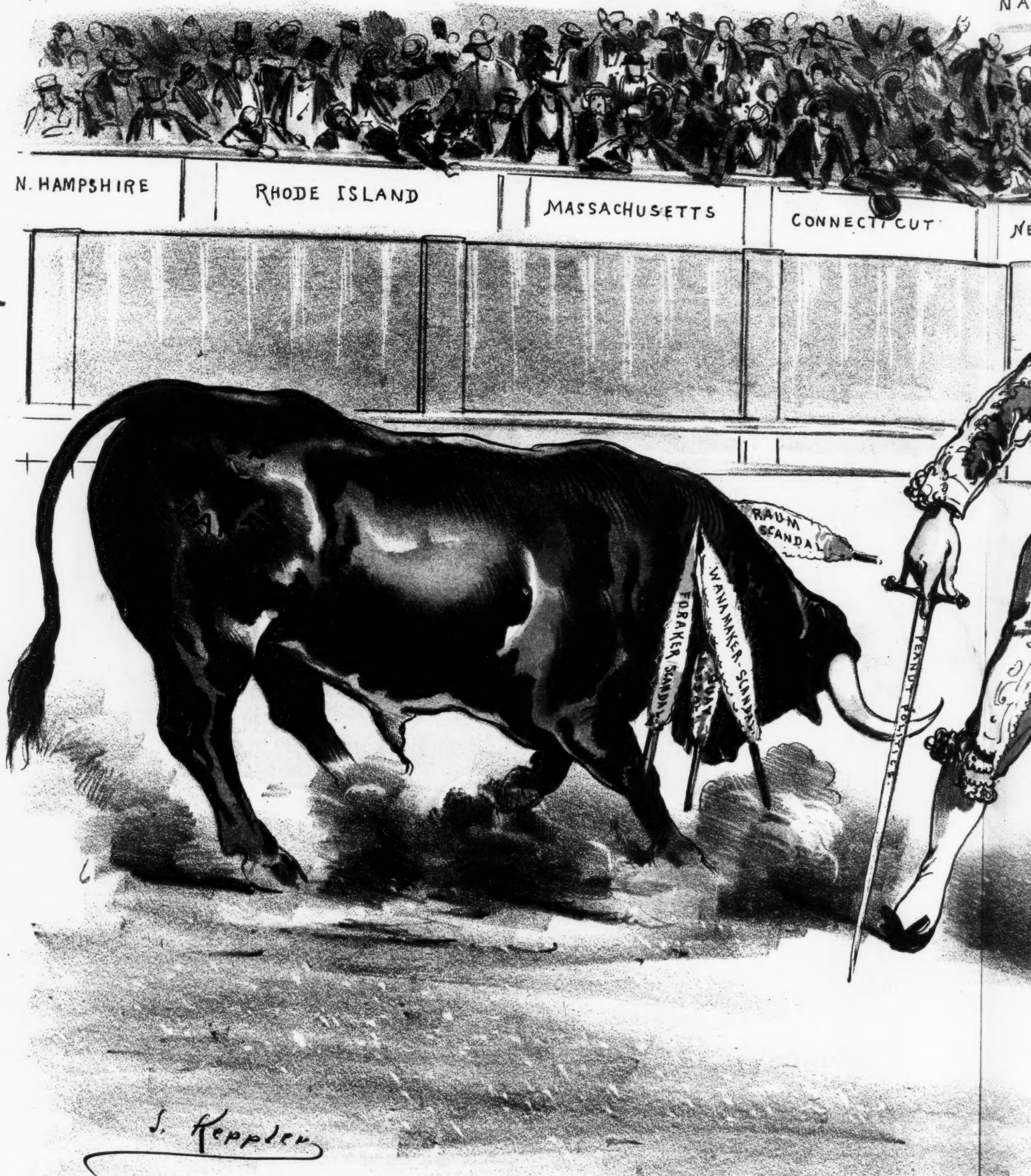
“A Dark Secret.”

“MAMA, MAY I go sailing with Mr. Guyrope?”

“I am afraid, my darling, that you may catch cold.”

“Oh, no, Mama, there is not a particle of breeze blowing!”

PUCK.



THE RIVAL TO
They had better stop fighting and finish the Bull,

NATIONAL ARENA.

NEW YORK.

NEW JERSEY



VAL TOREADORS.

finish the Bull, or he will get the best of them.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A FEW FLY-TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.



The Friendly Frog.



The Educated Whisker.



The Sticktight Mortarboard.



The Hot-house Fly Protector and Hair Forcer.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.



AND ABOUT THIS SEASON ariseth the Young Man with a vacation. And forasmuch as he hath two weeks' time of his own to spend as he seeth fit, yea, even a fortnight, he goeth about and taketh counsel with his friends and with his friends' friends, and with the stranger at luncheon, where he may bestow himself for that space of fourteen days and fourteen nights.

And in the end, being tempted thereunto by a total stranger, he shall elect the village of Pohokus, which is over against the junction called Doodleville, on the left branch of Squawgum River, and nigh unto Loonbunk Lake.

[Now the place called Pohokus is the abomination of desolation; neither are there any trout there: and the ways of the people are deceitful; and they have neither manners nor butchers' meat among them; and after righteous men have once known them they are accursed and spat upon, nor shall any righteous man have dealings with them after he hath once gotten himself a receipt. Selah!]

And the Young Man maketh ready for his vacation, and he hireth him a room. And by the bond that he maketh with the boarding-house keeper, it is cool, light and airy; and likewise the board is liberal; and moreover, there is excellent shooting and fishing.

And he taketh with him a Sporting Friend, and they go together unto the shop of him that sells sporting goods, and the Young Man buyeth divers and sundry rods and lines and flies and reels, and a shot-gun, and cartridges therefor. And these things he buyeth as he is directed by his Sporting Friend. And the same knoweth so much that the shopman is sick at heart, and is minded privily to kill him; but holdeth his hand. For he knoweth full well that the Sporting-Friend is but as a sucker who bringeth other suckers into the net; and therefore doth he bear with the Sporting Friend, and suffereth him to live.

And the Young Man, being arrived at Pohokus, sayeth unto himself: "Lo, now will I fish, and now will I shoot, and now will I do such things that the name of the great hunter Nimrod shall be as mud unto my name, yea, even as the mud of Jersey and that which is trodden of the goats in Harlem."

But he doeth no one of these things.

For, verily, there be girls in Pohokus, even Summer girls, and of these one layeth hold upon him, and possesseth him; and he is as one possessed of a devil. For he doth naught but follow that girl, and take her to drive in the chariot of the boarding-house keeper, and walk with her in the lanes, and sit with her upon the verandah; and the rust eateth into his gun, and his rod warpeth upon the wall of his room.

And his vacation being come to an end, even unto the end of the fourteen days, he goeth unto his Sporting Friend, who is the companion of his travels, and saith unto him: "Lo, now, I have hired these many chariots, and this much gold have I spent for ice-cream and for the like; and the girl goeth back to her own people, for it is the end of the season; and she will have none of me, but is plighted in marriage to him of the red hair who dwelleth in the Annex. Therefore now of thy goodness buy of me this the equipment of a sportsman that I purchased by thy counsel; for I would fain buy me a ticket home."

But his Sporting Friend saith: "Nay, for what shall I do with the equipment of a Novice? Am I not a Sport, and shall the gear that sufficeth thee suffice me also?" But in the end he buyeth it at one-half the price that the Young Man gave for it to the Shopman; and that Sport is



A Cue from the Chinese.

well-contented in his heart, for never hath he owned aught so good.

And this is the end of the vacation of the Young Man; and the end is bitterness and sunburn upon the neck, even as it was of years aforetime and shall be in years to come. Selah!

LIFE AS REGULATED BY THE MERCURY.

GO, MARY, get my seal-skin coat, my respirator, too, Likewise my woolen underwear, and warm them through and through.

It is the middle of July, and cold and clear the day, And I am in a hurry for my shopping on Broadway. Lay out my large umbrella, I shall need it if it snows, and get my purse down from the shelf. I can but heed the woes

Of New York's poor who suffer on just such days as these — No money to buy wood or coal — how can we let them freeze?

And pack my hand-bag with the things I wore in broiling June, I must be gone the whole day long, it might grow warm by noon;

Put in a fan, my black mull gown, my lightest Oxford ties, It may be ninety-eight by twelve, and forethought is but wise. Then in some ladies' toilet-room I'll change from head to feet, And in a trice walk out attired a "Summer Girl" complete. Don't give the orders until noon — for dessert. Something nice. If it's sixty, have plum-pudding — if one hundred, lemon ice!

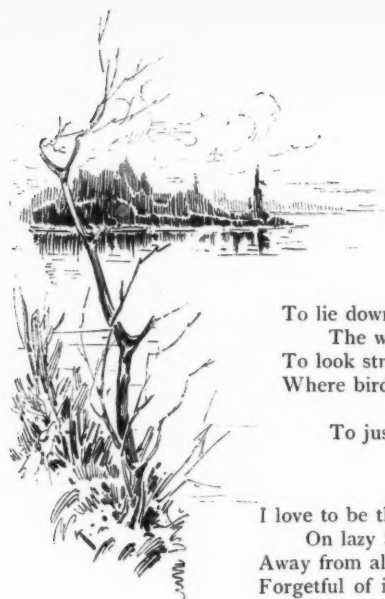
A.



A RAPID AGE.

UNCLE ABNER (of Gray Forks). — What's the matter, Maria? You look kinder doleful.

MARIA. — I was over in the graveyard to-day, Abner; and I tell you this 'ere place is gettin' too lively. Why, there was a lot o' new graves o' people I never hear'n tell on!



DOWN BY THE CREEK.

I.

IN SUMMER-TIME I love to go
Away down by the creek,
Along the spearmint-bordered path,
To where the red-breast takes his bath,
And trout play hide-and-seek;

II.

To lie down on the grass beside
The willow-shaded stream;
To look straight up into the sky,
Where birds and clouds float softly
by —
To just lie there and dream.

IV.

To throw a stick into the stream
And play that it's a boat
Which sails off proudly all alone;
A barque that seems so like my
own —
Now stranded — now afloat.

III.

I love to be there, all alone,
On lazy Summer days,
Away from all the cares of life:
Forgetful of its cruel strife
And mankind's selfish ways.

V.

To revel in that peacefulness
Of quiet Summer days,
Someway, makes me forget my fears,
And all the sorrow-laden years —
I tell you, sir, it pays.

Charles Newton Hood.

BEFORE DAWN.

POLICEMAN (*poking TRAMP over baker's grating*).—Here you, move on! What are ye doin' here?

TRAMP.—Dat's inhuman, Mister! I'se just inhaling me breakfast!

SHE REFERRED TO THE UMPIRE.

"What are they quarreling about? Don't they like the vampire's decision?" she asked.

"By Jove!" returned Cadley, very much excited; "that's just what he is."

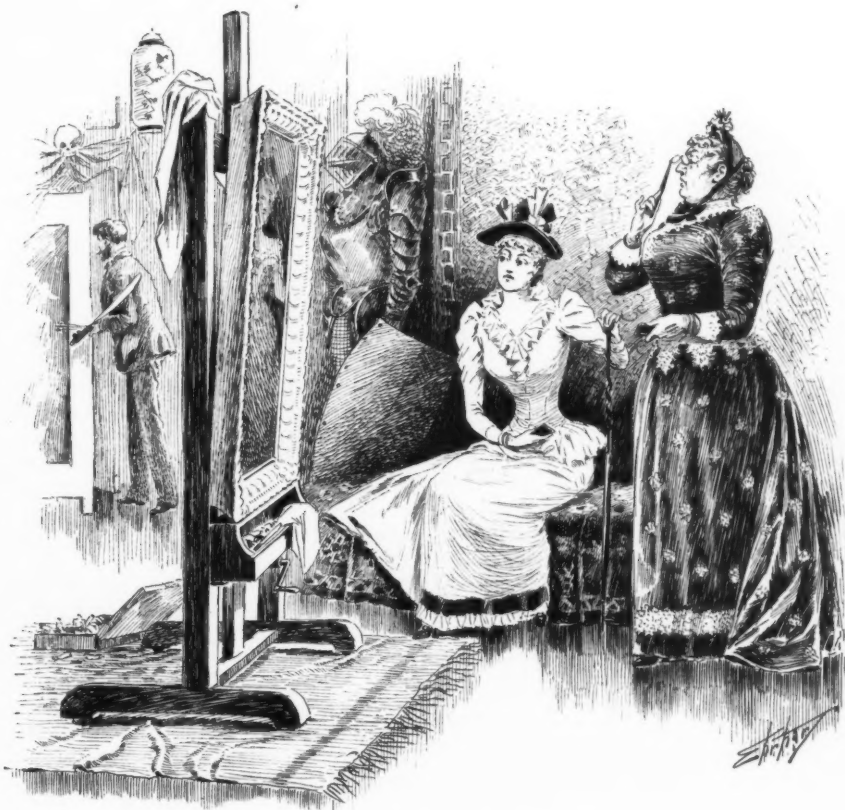
A CLOSE CALL FOR QUIPLEY.

"Joejins and Quipley, the funny men, had a queer bet last night."

"What was it?"

"Joejins bet Quipley that Depew's speeches had more of his jokes in 'em than they had of Quipley's. Quipley won, though. The score was 400 to 398."

EVEN THE most consistent agnostic must admit the existence of devilled kidneys.



INSPECTING THE PORTRAIT.

MAUDE.—Well, Mama, how do you like it? Does it look like me?

MAMA.—Humph! The face is good enough; but no one would ever think that dress cost your dear Papa \$3,000.

THE SLAVE of fashion always holds that "the last shall be first."

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER-READING.

"HYPNOTIC TALES."

By J. L. Ford; illustrated by Taylor, Oppen, Griffin and Dalrymple.

In Paper, 50 cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

"SHORT SIXES."

By H. C. Bunner; illustrated by Taylor, Oppen and Griffin.

In Paper, 50 cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

"FADS AND FANCIES." Puck's LIBRARY No. 49

10 cts. All Newsdealers.

"PUCK'S LIBRARY." Nos. 1—48; 10 cts. each. Every issue of "PUCK'S LIBRARY" is a mine of fun. Buy the whole series and be forever happy.

"PICKINGS FROM PUCK."

Crops 1—5. 64 pp. of richly illustrated humorous reading matter. 25 cts. each.

All Newsdealers.

By mail, 30 cts. per copy.

"PUCK'S OPPER BOOK."

64 pp. in black-and-white, by Frederick Oppen. 30 cts. By mail, 35 cts.

"THIS FUNNY WORLD, as Puck sees it."

64 pp. in colors and black - and - white, by Frederick Oppen.

30 cts. By mail, 35 cts.

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."

By Chas. J. Taylor. In board covers, cloth back, \$1.00.

"PUCK." 10 cts. per copy; \$5.00 per year. SHORT TERM SUBSCRIPTIONS promptly attended to.

The above publications are for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent by mail from the publishers on receipt of price. Remit by P. O. or X. M. O., Postal Note, Draft on N. Y., or U. S. Post. Stamps. Address:

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, N. Y.

PIPER HEIDSIECK SEC.

A Champagne Renowned for over a century.

DECKER

BROTHERS'

33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK

PIANOS

4711

EAU DE COLOGNE

AND TRANSPARENT

GLYCERINE SOAPS.

THE FINEST TOILET GOODS IMPORTED

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warehouses: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., 288 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

'IN THE SWIM'



A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.



★ THE STAR BANJO ★

Is made on entirely new principles and produces the most desirable quality of tone combined with the greatest volume and carrying power, making it the finest instrument extant for stage or parlor use. Price list mailed free.

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.

The Liebig COMPANY

Have for twenty-five years been putting up the famous product which stirred medical circles when first invented and given to the world by the renowned chemist, Justus von Liebig. Their

EXTRACT OF BEEF

is known around the world and has lately been carried into "Darkest Africa" by Stanley. It is unapproachable for purity, flavor and beneficial effects. As BEER TKA, delicious and refreshing. Indispensable in improved and Economic Cookery.

Genuine with signature *Justus von Liebig*



IMITATIONS OF BENT & CO.'S HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS. LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

THE HONEST AGENT.

NEW CLERK.—That house you rented to Mr. and Mrs. Suburb has nothing but a cistern, and that is fifty feet from the door. You told them there was water in the house.

SUBURBAN AGENT.—There is—cellar's half full.—*Good News.*

ON the subject of Lord Tennyson's dairy J. Ashby-Sterry has written the following:

I'm grieved to hear—to bear 't is hard—

It puts me in a flutter, man—

Lord Tennyson, our matchless bard,

Has just become a butter-man!

No longer he's content to glide

Along poetic, silky way;

But turns his Pegasus aside,

To gallop in the milky way!

—*America.*

Do not allow store-keepers to do your bundles up in paper bearing their advertisement in big letters for you to carry along the street like a corn-doctor's sandwich. Make the store-keeper do your package up in unprinted paper, and he will do it. The newspaper is the place to do advertising. The best class of people will not be so imposed upon.—*Cape Cod Item.*

CYRIL (in the garden).—Father! Father! Look out of the window!

PATERFAMILIAS (putting out his head).—What a nuisance you children are! What do you want now?

CYRIL (with a triumphant glance at his play-fellow).—Johnnie Cope would n't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head.—*Canadian Tid-Bits.*

"HYPNOTIC TALES," by James L. Ford, one of PUCK's contributors, is certainly a very funny book. The author is a clever writer, possessing a quaintly delicate sense of humor that gives to his work a particular attractiveness. He is cynical, but shows a thorough appreciation of the better as well as the weaker side of human nature.—*Norristown Herald.*

A WARNING TO THE SUPERSENSITIVE.

PRIMARY.—What did you do that she should leave you on the wedding tour, and return to her father?

SECUNDUS.—I kept the promise she exacted of me that we should not be taken for a newly-married couple.—*The Epoch.*

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds about a woman whose hair has turned from gray to black. If it had turned to red or yellow there would have been nothing extraordinary in the circumstances. Such transformations are common in these days.—*Boston Post.*

THE unprecedented codfish catch this season is a substantial testimonial for Ward McAllister's book.—*Chicago Mail.*

"I want a name for my villa," said Mr. Newbobby.

"Well, judging from the architecture," said Cynicus, "I should say Villa Nous was the correct thing."—*Truth.*

For the first time in its history through cars are run this season by the New York Central to the Litchfield Hills, the Berkshire Hills, and North Adams, Mass. Call on ticket agent of New York Central for "Summer Homes on the Harlem."

Mosera, Park & Tilford; Acker, Merrill & Condit, and first-class grocers keep Lemarchand Boneless Sardines.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Extract of BEEF.

USED BY ALL GOOD COOKS

THE YEAR ROUND.
Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

No Other Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor After Using.

If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL.—Shandon Bells Waits (the popular Society Waits) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon Bells Perfume.



It may be of interest to you to know that we have never offered to our clients any dividend paying investments but what could be afterward sold at a profit, often for 50 per cent. in advance of cost. We can (for a short time only) receive subscriptions for

GOLD ROCK

MINING & MILLING CO.,

a dividend paying mine without debt, in the richest mining section in Colorado, and within 24 hours' ride of Denver, in lots of one hundred shares and over, at 50 cents per share. Send for statistics of last years' earnings, ore in sight, character of vein, report of Colorado Exchange, and be convinced that mining to-day in Colorado is as safe as mercantile business. Address,

TAYLOR & RATHVON, Denver, Col.
Branch Office, AMES BUILDING, BOSTON. 253

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEWEN'S STAIN DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, Tenn. 134

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

We Make the Cigar. You Make the Smoke. The Best Cigar. 5c. each. 50c. per bundle. Ask your dealer for them.
L. MILLER & SONS, 149 Chambers St., New York.
RUHSTRAT, GAIL & CO., Chicago, Illinois. 992

WEBER GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Catalogue mailed free on application.

Warerooms: 163
Fifth Ave., Cor. of West 16th St., New York City.

RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.

BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND. HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 179
E. L. ZELL, Agent, 92 Pearl Street, New York.

GEORGIA may deny the yellow fever, but she can not shirk responsibility for Sam Small.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Write LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER AND BROKER, 50 Broadway, N. Y., to send his circular.

KRAKAUER PIANOS.

Catalogue mailed free on application.
Warerooms, 40 Union Square.
Factory, 159 and 161 East 126th St., N. Y.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of
oil has been removed,
**Is Absolutely Pure
and it is Soluble.**

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has
more than three times the strength of
Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot
or Sugar, and is therefore far more
economical, costing less than one cent
a cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and
admirably adapted for invalids as well
as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.



It is no sign a girl is an angel because she is
flighty.— *Glens Falls Republican*.

CRANKS flourish here because it is a freak
country.— *N. Y. Morning Journal*.

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL." RAE'S FINEST Lucca Oil

The very best quality, of uniform standard excellence and absolutely Pure Olive Oil.

ESTABLISHED
1836.

LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY.

Importers and Agents: FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., New York; JAMES A.
HAYES & CO., Boston; SPRAGUE WARNER & CO., Chicago.

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

KIND GENTLEMAN.—What 's the matter,
Bubby?

BUBBY.—Boo, hoo! They was a picnic yest-
day, an' I would n't go 'cause I thort they would
n't have nothin' nice ter eat.

"Did they?"

"Yes. Boo, hoo! I jus' heard they had so
much ice-cream an' cake that they was all sick,
boo, hoo!" — *Good News*.

NO TIME LOCK FOR HIM.

A certain official was bothered almost to death
by people running in on him at all times of the
day, and he was expressing himself emphatically
on the subject.

"Why don't you put a time lock on your door
so they can get in only at a stated hour?" sug-
gested a friend.

"Time lock, nothing!" he exclaimed; "what
I want is an eternity lock."— *Washington Star*.

IT WAS THE SONG.

"He's after me, He's after me," sang a young
man sitting on his boarding-house steps in the
gloaming.

"Ugh," growled the landlady, if you stop sing-
ing may be he'll let up on you."— *Detroit Free
Press*.

MRS. PRENTICE.—How do you always manage
to have such delicious beef?

MRS. BYWELL.—I select a good honest
butcher, and then stand by him.

MRS. PRENTICE.—You mean that you give
him all your trade?

MRS. BYWELL.—No; I mean that I stand by
him while he is cutting off the meat.— *Canadian
Tid-Bits*.

HAWK-EYE

The LEADING all-around Camera

Uses regular Dry Plates which are sold everywhere, or Trans-
parent Film for 25 to 100 Pictures without reloading. Prices \$15 to \$50.
WE DEVELOP AND FINISH THE PICTURES WHEN DESIRED. **KAMARET,**
THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Boston, Mass., also makers of the
and other Photographic Apparatus. Branches: 208 State St., Chicago. 918 Arch St., Phila.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Trade Agents, New York.
Also sold by all Dealers in Photo Goods.

Send for the Hawk-Eye Booklet.

It is a little premature to say that Convict
Bardsley and Postmaster-General Wanamaker are
men of the same stripe.— *Omaha World-Herald*.

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion.
Ask your druggist for the genuine, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Sie-
gert & Sons.

Travel to Chicago by "The World's Fair Special"—
new fast train by the New York Central, leaves Grand Cen-
tral Station every day at 1:30 P. M. Due Chicago 3:00
P. M. next day. Splendid service. No extra fare.

COMING AND GOING.

PASSENGER (on outgoing steamer).—The
steerage appears to be empty. Don't immigrants
ever return to Europe?

CAPTAIN.—Often. But they go in the first
cabin.— *New York Weekly*.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, WHETHER
torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleed-
ing, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from
pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the
blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, per-
manently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES,
consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an
exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT,
the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies,
when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is
strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials
from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incom-
parable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RE-
SOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation,
Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin pre-
vented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weak-
ness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-
PAIN PLASTER. 25c.



LOEB & CO., Agents, 90 Warren Street, New York City.

THE NEW REED-PIPE ORGAN.

Frederic Archer gave an interesting and enjoyable recital
June 19th, at Lyon & Healy's music rooms, on the new
Reed Pipe Organ. The instrument is the largest yet con-
structed of the Reed-Pipe type, and generates music in a
degree much like the Pipe Organ, in the peculiar blending
of tone and the metallic vibrant quality. Each set of re-
gisters has a different relation to the sound board, and the
tone is controlled by sound chambers, which give, in a
different way, force to tone, as well as variety and reso-
nance. The new feature introduced consists of flexible
copper sound boards. This instrument is particularly well
adapted for chamber concerts in small halls or private
houses, and has decided advantages over the ordinary reed
instrument. It is made by Lyon & Healy at their factory,
opposite Union Park, Chicago.— *Inter-Ocean*, June 21.



OVERMAN WHEEL CO., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS., SPECIAL AGENTS.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

Sunburn,
CHAFING,
Dandruff,
Prickly Heat,
Speedily Relieved by
**PACKER'S
TAR SOAP.**

"A Luxury for Shampooing."
Medical Standard, Chicago.
"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.
"The Best for Baby's Bath."
Christine Terhune Herrick.



HIRES
ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEAD DRINK.
Package makes 5 gallons.
Delicious, sparkling, and
appetizing. Sold by all
dealers. FREE a beautiful
Picture Book and cards
sent to any one addressing
O. E. HIRES & CO.,
Philadelphia.



Suits to Order,
\$30.00.
Trousers to Order,
\$8.00.

You Know a Good Thing
when you see it.
"That's evident."
Well, call and see
that special line of
SCOTCH HOMESPUNS
just received.
All Grades. Drab, Auburn,
Gray and Brown.
"Nothing to compare with
them this side
of the water."

Nicoll
The Tailor

145 & 147 Bowery,
771 Broadway, Cor. 9th Street,
New York.

ROKER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS,
and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**
Nos. 15 & 17 BREKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure Relief for **ASTHMA.**
Price, 35 cents by mail. STOWELL
& CO., CHARLESTOWN, MASS. 15

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER IS
Universally known and everywhere esteemed as the
only Powder that will improve the complexion,
eradicate tan, freckles, and all skin diseases.

Patent Covers for
FILING PUCK, 75 Cts.
By Mail, 90 Cents.
Address: "PUCK," New York.

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS
Cures Rupture because it has perfect Adjust-
ment, is worn NIGHT and DAY. Has a
pad which can be changed in
SHAPE and SIZE
by the patient to suit the varying condi-
tions of the case. Call and examine.
Please mention this paper.



AXION ELASTIC TRUSS
Is guaranteed to hold with comfort the
worst case of rupture under all circumstances.
Examination FREE.
Send for full illustrated catalogue to
G. V. HOUSE MFG CO.,
744 Broadway, New York City. 226*

THE ENGINE OF CIVILIZATION.

RURAL EDITOR.—Have you finished that
editorial on the recent mistakes of the young
German Emperor?

ASSISTANT.—Yes; just got through.

"Did you write an article on the Italian
question?"

"Yes; got up a column of good advice to the
King of Italy."

"Glad to hear that. We'll send him a copy.
What else did you write?"

"A long editorial on national finances."

"Good. That will fill the page. Now let's
go out and see if we can borrow a dollar."—
New York Weekly.

WHERE FREEDOM SHINES.

FOREIGNER.—This may be a free country,
but I don't see that the freedom has any effect
on the people. Such a patient, meek, subdued
lot of humanity I never saw in my life. I should
think a free-born American would act as if he
were monarch of all he surveyed.

NATIVE.—Wait until you see a passenger-car
brakeman who expects soon to be a conductor.—
Good News.

WANTED — A VEST.

She shed a tear upon his vest;

The effort made him wince;

The vest was made of flannel, and

He has n't seen it since.

—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

JUST AS WELL.

"As to-day is your birthday, my life," re-
marked the sporting husband; "I'll go and
shoot a pheasant for you."

"No, no," she remonstrated; "a hare will
satisfy me. They come cheaper, you know."—
Fliegende Blätter.

LACK OF REVERENCE.

"Is young Mr. Gotham familiar with Brown-
ing in any degree?"

"Familiar?" replied the Boston maid; "he's
positively flippant."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

**TOILET
LANOLINE SALVE**
BEST REMEDY
BEST REMEDY
BEST REMEDY

Best Home Remedy
for CHAPPED or CRACKED
HANDS and LIPS,
against Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Corns and Chafing,
for Preserving and Softening the Skin, especially
with SMALL CHILDREN.
against Hemorrhoids (Piles.)
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A PEACEFUL SECTION.

MISSOURI TRAVELER.—This is a famous sec-
tion for feuds, I understand.

NATIVE.—No more peaceful parts anywhere
than right here. No feuds here. Everything's
as pleasant as pie.

"But how about the Billington-Wellington
feud?"

"Over long ago. I'm Billington."

"Indeed! I have n't met any of the Wellin-
tons."

"No; nor you won't. The feud is over."—
New York Weekly.

You can't tell how much religion people have by the size
of their family Bible.—*Ram's Horn.*

**MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP** for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

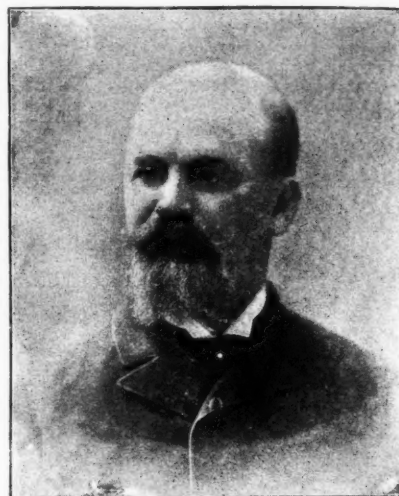
Commuters on the New York Central are delighted with
the increased train service and the decreased commutation
fares.

NEW KODAKS



"You press the
button,
we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes
ALL LOADED WITH **Transparent Films.**
For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.
THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
Send for Catalogue. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



CHEW BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.
A delicious remedy for all forms of indigestion.
AND
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps
for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.,
ORIGINATORS AND MANUFACTURERS,
"Beware of Imitations." CLEVELAND, Ohio.

DAYLIGHT FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

That is, if you want it that long; few people do. But,
when it comes time to light the lamp, if you have a Day-
light, you can burn it into the still small hours with greater
pleasure than you can any other lamp on the market. It
don't take any time at all to set it going either; it lights as
easy as a gas jet; you need n't even touch chimney or
shade, to say nothing of taking them off. Like a well-bred
child, it keeps itself clean; it keeps its oil fount cooler than
any other lamp, and so avoids a good deal of smell and
any danger of explosion. It burns brightly, and is better
worthy of the name "Daylight" than any other lamp yet
made. How any other lamp could be better, we don't
know. Your lamp dealer, unless he's slow will know all
about it and have it in stock. If he's slow quicken his
pace, by insisting on having what we assure you, is the
best lamp on the market.

Craighead & Kintz Co., 33 Barclay St., New York, will
send an A B C book on Lamps, on application, to any one
who will take the trouble to send for it.

GENUINE BENT & CO. HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS
ALWAYS BEAR THEIR STAMP.



THE EAGLE
THE EASIEST RUNNING BICYCLE
IN THE WORLD.
Speed, Comfort and Safety.
AGENTS WANTED.
Large Illustrated Catalogue sent Free to any Address.
THE EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO.,
STAMFORD, CONN.

HOW TO STOP AN EXPRESS.

SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—See here, sir! You told me that that country place I bought of you was only thirty-five minutes from the city.

CITY AGENT.—Yes, sir; thirty-five minutes by express. You remember, when we went out to look at it, the time was thirty-five minutes exactly.

SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—But, confound it, sir; the express trains don't stop there, not one of them, and the accommodation takes about an hour and a half!

CITY AGENT.—You and I went by express, and it stopped for us, you know.

SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—Yes, I know; but it has n't stopped since.

CITY AGENT.—It will stop if you hire a man at your station to buy a through ticket for somewhere. That's the way I did the day we went out.—*Good News.*

AND SUCH IS LIFE.

A man who had fought in two wars, been in three railroad accidents and four shipwrecks, skirmished with the Indians, and killed tigers in their native jungles, went to sleep on the window sill of his house, fell eight feet on a sodded plat, and was killed as completely as if he had been fired out of a cannon. Such is the sarcasm of fate.—*Detroit Free Press.*

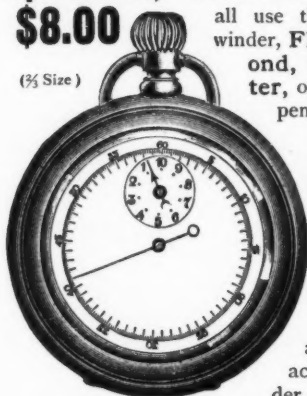
WEARY WATKINS.—W'at an outrage it is that people has to work so hard!

HUNGRY HIGGINS.—You're talkin' through your hat. If people did n't work where would our grub come from? Eh?—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Sportsmen, Scientists, Doctors

\$8.00

($\frac{1}{2}$ Size)



all use the nickel stem-winder, Fly back, $\frac{1}{4}$ second, minute register, operating from the pendent, and warranted to be accurate for horse-timing, boating, bicycling, and scientific experiments. Price, \$8.00. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination, 50 cents accompanying order.

CHAS. P. DU VERGEY,

11 FOURTEENTH STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J.

SASSERNO, PICCON & MAUNIER
in Bari (Italy) manufacture the only pure and reliable

OLIVE OIL (S. P. & M.)

never rancid because pure and peculiarly pressed and cleaned.

Wholesale by **Geo. Lueders, 213 Pearl St., N. Y.**

PUCK'S LIBRARY.

10 CTS. PER COPY.

\$1.20 PER YEAR.

- 50.—"Spoons." Being Puck's Best Things About Moony Mortals.
- 49.—"Fads and Fancies." Being Puck's Best Things About Various Vanities.
- 48.—"Across the Ranch." Being Puck's Best Things About The World on Wheels.
- 47.—"Here and There." Being Puck's Best Things About Happenings in Both Places.
- 46.—"Togs." Being Puck's Best Things About Rags, Tags and Velvet Gowns.
- 45.—"All in the Family." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Happy Households.
- 44.—"Dollars and Cents." Being Puck's Best Things About The Scramble for Scads.
- 43.—"Cold Days." Being Puck's Best Things About Chilly Chunks of Frosty Fate.
- 42.—"Chow Chow." Being Puck's Best Things About This and That.
- 41.—"Just Landed." Being Puck's Best Things About Folks from Faraway.
- 40.—"Dumb Critters." Being Puck's Best Things About The Humorous Side of Animal Life.
- 39.—"Human Natur." Being Puck's Best Things About That Curious Customer, Man.
- 38.—"Bunco." Being Puck's Best Things About Crooks and Uprights.
- 37.—"Kids." Being Puck's Best Things About The Junior Generation.
- 36.—"Darktown Doings." Being Puck's Best Things About Afro(and other)-Americans.

O'NEILL'S, 6th Avenue, 20th to 21st Streets,
NEW YORK.

Importers and Retailers of

FINE MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, Etc.



The Largest and Finest Establishment of its kind in the Country.

VACATION.

When our friends, the readers of PUCK, are going away on their vacation, they would do well to call and examine our fine stock of **SUMMER GOODS** for SEASIDE, COUNTRY and MOUNTAINS; or, if you can not do so conveniently, look over our Catalogue (if you have one; if you have not, let us know and we will send you one free of charge) and see what you need. We are sure we can give you better value for your money than any other house in this country.

Send for samples of goods at any time; we are always pleased to send them.

**H. O'NEILL & CO., 6th AVENUE, 20th to 21st STREETS,
NEW YORK.**

WHAT SHE HAD HEARD.

"Money talks," said a Cleveland millionaire, with more dollars than depth, to a pretty and smart Cass Avenue girl.

"Yes?" she responded with a cute little interrogation point humping itself up under her eyebrows, "I have heard that the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb."

Then he began to feel uncomfortable, and it was n't long after that until he was on his way to catch a night boat southward bound.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

"It is thought that young Smith and his wife will have to get married over again."

"Why? Was there some flaw in their marriage?"

"No; but he was married while he was a student, and the college has just made him a bachelor."—*Buffalo Evening News.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS
CURE
SICK HEADACHE,
Disordered Liver, etc.
they ACT LIKE MAGIC—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.
Prepared by Thos. Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NO GENUINE BENT & CO. HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS WITHOUT THEIR STAMP.

- 35.—"Profess." Being Puck's Best Things About Intellectual Individuals and Their Idiosyncrasies.
- 34.—"Ups and Downs." Being Puck's Best Things About Life, Luck and Lucre.
- 33.—"Freaks." Being Puck's Best Things About Fantastic Folks and Fads.
- 32.—"Job Lots." Being Puck's Best Things About Business Busts and Booms.
- 31.—"Household Happenings." Being Puck's Best Things About the Fun and Fancy of Home Life.
- 30.—"Fun at Zero." Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Sports.
- 29.—"Round Town." Being Puck's Best Things About Those Who Go Up and Down in the Great Big Town.
- 28.—"Snap-Shots." Being Puck's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.
- 27.—"All at Sea." Being Puck's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.
- 26.—"Fly-Time." Being Puck's Best Things About The Torrid Term.
- 25.—"Out Doors." Being Puck's Best Things About Summer Sports.
- 24.—"On The Road." Being Puck's Best Things About Travelers, Tourists, and Their Tribulations.
- 23.—"Best Girl." Being Puck's Best Things About Other Fellows' Sisters.
- 22.—"Show Business." Being Puck's Best Things About Artists and Fakirs.
- 21.—"Very Young Man." Being Puck's Best Things About That Fresh and Frolicsome Citizen.
- 20.—"Hi! Art." Being Puck's Best Things About The Eccentric and Interesting Children of Genius.
- 19.—"Chin." Being Puck's Best Things About Barbers, Book-agents and other Bores.
- 18.—"Out West." Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.

- 17.—"Is Marriage a Failure?" Being Puck's Best Things About Mothers-in-law and Other Matrimonial Matters.
- 16.—"The Small Boy." Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.
- 15.—"City Sketches." Being Puck's Best Things About The Merry Metropolis.
- 14.—"Brudder Shinbones." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Colored Sassiety.
- 13.—"Help." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Servant Girl.
- 12.—"Suburban." Being Puck's Best Things About The Country of the Commuter.
- 11.—"Shop." Being Puck's Best Things About The Busy World of Trade.
- 10.—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Traveler.
- 9.—"Freddy's Slate." Being His Own Record of His Doings and Sayings.
- 8.—"The Great American Boarding-House." Being Puck's Best Things About That Abode of Happiness.
- 7.—"Our Foreign Fellow-Citizens." Being Puck's Best Things About Americans of All Nationalities.
- 6.—"Sassiety." Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Fashion and Frivolity.
- 5.—"The Funny Baby." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Household Angels.
- 4.—"Hayseed Hits." Being Puck's Best Things About the Merry Rustic and His Ways.
- 3.—"Just Dog." Being Puck's Best Things About That Amosin' Animile.
- 2.—"The Summer-Boarder." Being Puck's Best Things About That Afflicted Creature.
- 1.—"The National Game." Being Puck's Best Things About Base-Ball.

KNOWLEDGE.



I.
THEY SAT in the store at Nantucket,
Four aged men and wise,
Engaged in the old occupation
Of swapping innocent lies.



V.
"Well," said the good old Major,
Who had served through the civil war,
"When I was at Spottsylvania,
In May of '64—"



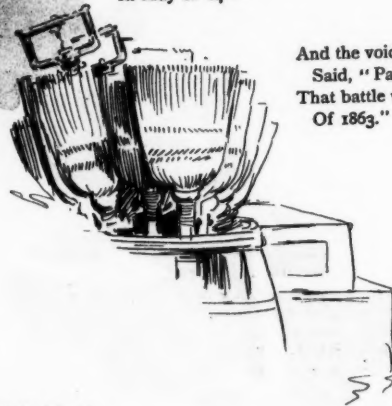
VII.
And the Major did as the Oldest
Inhabitant had done;
He rose up in solemn silence,
And went out and sat in the sun.

II.
Up spoke the Oldest Inhabitant,
In a thin and tremulous tone,
"In 1809 we'd a snow storm,
The wust that ever I known—"



VIII.
Said the gray old Poet, "What did Horace
Write of Soracte's snows?—"
Said the voice from behind the barrels,
"Why, every school-boy knows."

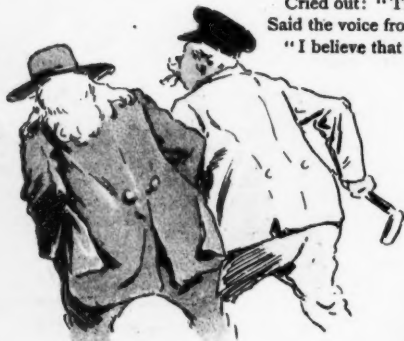
III.
And a voice from behind the barrels
That concealed the desk, said: "When
You examine into the subject,
You will find you mean 1810."



IV.
And the Oldest Inhabitant rose up,
And never a word said he,
But went out and sat on the broad front stoop,
In his wounded dignitee.



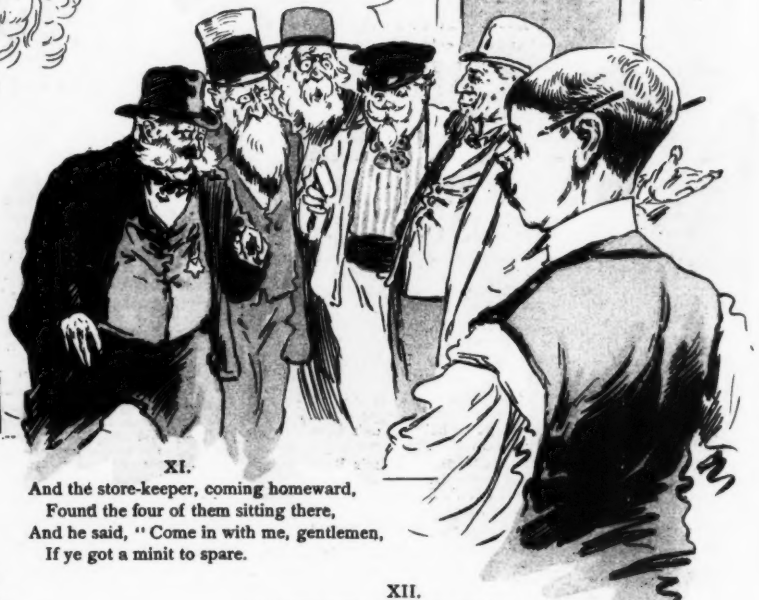
IX.
Then the Leader of Society
Cried out: "This is not polite!"
Said the voice from behind the barrels,
"I believe that my form is right,"



X.
Then the Leader of Society
And the Poet whose head was white
Joined Major and Oldest Inhabitant
In the sunshine warm and bright.



XI.
And the store-keeper, coming homeward,
Found the four of them sitting there,
And he said, "Come in with me, gentlemen,
If ye got a minit to spare."



XII.
"I want you to meet my nephew,
He gradcoated this year.
I give him four years at college,
And he's clerkin' for board with me here."

